

POETRY FOR THE MILLION.

P O E M S.

BY

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

"LET THEM RECOLLECT THAT THERE WERE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE TO BE INSTRUCTED, TO BE AMUSED AND ENLIGHTENED; WERE THEY TO FORGET THE INFLUENCE THAT READING HAD UPON THE MIND OF THE MILLION?"
—*Vide M. P.'s Speech to the House, Wednesday, April 6, 1842.*

EDITED

BY PETER PRIGGINS,

AND

DEDICATED (*without permission*) TO

TORIES, WHIGS, RADICALS, AND CHARTISTS.

LONDON:

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1842.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.



TO THE MILLION.

Noblemen, Gentlemen, Professionals, Soldiers, Sailors, Merchants, Tradesmen, Clerks of all sorts, Shopboys, Operatives, and People—"the only source, &c."

THE following letter which I received from the Author will sufficiently explain to your enlightened understandings the reason of my undertaking the editorship of this little volume of poems. "A poet," as the Author explained to the assembled senate of the Lower House, "is but a mere *maker*, or manufacturer." He turns his work out "in the rough," and leaves it to other hands to put on the polish. I trust that I have planed, scouring-papered,

and varnished the unfinished articles intrusted to me, so as to leave a brilliant gloss upon them without needing a glossary.

I venture to subscribe myself

Your Millionship's

Most humble servant,

PETER PRIGGINS.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, OXON,

Anno memorabili, 1842.

P R E F A C E.

FINSBURY SQUARE,
August 10, 1842.

"*INC. MIL. PRÆFAR.*"—*Tit. Livi.*

DEAR PETER PRIGGINS,

As a bookwright, and consequently interested in the question of an extension of the law of copyright, you, of course, in common with all your tribe, read my celebrated speech on the subject when Lord Mahon introduced his bill into the House. You will recollect that I grounded my opposition to the measure, on the absurdity of supposing that any advantage could accrue from it, to those authors who did not write merely for the fun of writing, or to amuse, instruct,* and enlighten the MILLION—without being paid for their labours, except by empty praise, or the still emptier prospects of immortality and a slab in Poet's Corner. I proved, to my *own* satisfaction, that the

payment of authors was not particularly approved of by publishers, and that the more they were paid the greater trash they produced. When called upon to explain my meaning, I read to the House a few specimens of "d—d fine poetry"—for which large sums had been received, and from which the name of a "great poet" had been obtained by the author. The House cried "Shame!" I was assailed with laughter, shouts, and all sorts of noises familiar to the ears of one who speaks to and for THE MILLION. I told my assailants that "any one might make a very respectable poem." They laughed the louder. "Why any one might do it," I screamed. "Try it," was the reply of some honourable member in a sneering tone. "Try it! I *have* tried it," was my triumphant answer. No one dared or cared to say "publish it." I am, however, resolved to do so—purely for the benefit of THE MILLION. I wish not to be paid for my notes with any other note but note-oriety. I send them to you to edit them—in preference to other writers of the day—because you are one of THE MILLION. If any profits arise from the extended sale such a work must demand—they are yours—if—mind—if you pay all the expenses of printing, publishing, and advertising, and consent to take a certain number of the numbers of my

PROFESSIONAL PROBE which is published monthly for the benefit of the medical MILLION—and myself.

I would sit down and edit the bookling myself were I not tired of *sitting*, day after day, on *subjects* of a more unpleasant nature. On those subjects I can generally direct what verdict is to be returned. On the subject which I now intrust to you, a jury of all my countrymen—THE MILLION—must return a verdict without my direction: it may be “death by the visitation of impudence,” “found drowned from getting out of his depth,” or “*felo de se*”—*Angl.*, “unjustifiable suicide;” in which case but a few years since I should have had a stake run through my *cadaver*—not that I should have cared for that as it would have ensured to me “a stake in my country” for some time to come.

A few words on the nature of the work by way of preface which is “*omn : hic i*”—*Angl.*, “all the go” in these days.

I shall not trouble to view *the dead* (I have enough of that officially, though no view is taken of those I kill myself professionally, *i. e.* justifiable-homicidally), but the *living* poets. *De mortu. nil. nis.* BONE-EM” has always been a favourite motto with me, and I have as pretty a collection of

skeletons as a man need wish to see who is fond of osteology. I am sick of *post mortem* examinations, and shall now only examine living subjects and give specimens of the style of some of them *mor. mod. que me*. If I cut them up I shall do it skilfully—for I am used to cutting. Poets are liable to soar, and many sores require the knife or lancet. If a poet ventures to put *an ode* in which ought not to be put into his book, why should I exhibit an *an-ode-yne* instead of a cathartic? It is best to “purge away the dross.” I shall explain the *prognosis, diagnosis, diathesis, metathesis, et omn. quod ex. in osis vel esis* of the disorders to which our modern poets are liable, and suggest “healing measures,” as efficacious, I trust, as my favourite remedies for the ailments of the Constitution—“universal suffer-age and vote by bad-lot.”

The subject I have selected for my first appearance before the public as a poet, is, I think, a good one. Now a “good subject” has various meanings. *Ex. gra.*, a prime minister calls that man a “good subject” who patiently pays his income and out-go taxes. The painter has a “good subject” when he gets a wealthy Mæcenas to sit to him for his portrait. Mr. Barry no doubt thinks our new houses a “good subject” for the exercise of his art. The poet, who is dubbed *laureat*, has

a “good subject” in one who is no *subject* at all. *The* tragedian of his day will sometimes allow that he has a “good subject” in a play which has been written expressly for him, and where all the other characters are kept in the background that he may stand the observed of all observers at the very foot-lights, and shine

Velut. int. ign.

Lun. min.

The surgeon has a “good subject” in a fine specimen of *humanity* or *huwomany* in a good state of preservation—like our modern poets and poetesses—and he is a bungler or mangler if he does not cut it up scientifically.

To conclude—as the parsons *used* to say. You will observe that in my Latin quotations—and I seldom venture on Greek for fear of “losing my character”—the Greek character I mean—I sink the *terminations*—it is good medical practice. *Ex. gra. :*

Mis.

Ut fi. haust. man. sumend. si dol.

Recur. in ventric.

In these fastidious days, moreover, one must be *dum* rather than use a *dam*. Latin-quoting, like train-travelling, is smooth railing as long as you keep the line—if you make a mistake at the terminus, or termination—smash! it is all over with

you—therefore we medicals always avoid the terminations—even of Latin words. But I must stop for fear some of my constituents should say, in language peculiar to ten-pound-voters, “Hold your jaw!” (the House-Latin for which is, “Question, question!” or “Spoke, spoke!”) I can assure any and all such persons I have often “held my jaw” while I was investigating the nature of *caries* previously to operating odonto-chirurgically.

Don't spare any expense in “getting up” the work, as you will have to pay for it, and not

Yours

Gratefully,

M. P. METRO-POLITAN.

P.S.—Those who supply “music for THE MILLION” may set my poems to music if THE MILLION require it—for a fair per centage on all they sell.

POETRY FOR THE MILLION.

No. 1.

THE POET.

Metr. Heroic. Blank-versie. commun.

(AFTER S. R. SED LONGO INTERVALLO.—ED.)

Fam. vol. viresque acquir. eund. (oh!)—*Virg.*

'Tis done ; and now his little book is gone .
Before the public—where no doubt 'twill be
Day after day—night after murky night—
Read, laugh'd at, scoff'd at, criticised, cut up
Like the huge sirloin smoking on the board
Some Christmas-day—when home-returning boys
And little girls—*half*-boarders truly called—
Show it no quarter—though 'tis quarter-day.
As the joint quivers 'neath their knives and forks,
So he. As flows the gravy from the beef,
So flow his tears—hot, salt, and season'd—
Though the season's cold.

'Tis done; he sitteth
Wondering at himself. His happy hours
Were spent composing—ere composers took
His thoughts in hand and turn'd them into lead ;

As though they were not heavy enough before !
He once compounded drugs, dealt in Galenicals,
And nineteen shillings in the pound did clear
From drugs that he did drug the sick withal.
Hirudo-like he stuck, nor left his prey
Until he'd clean'd them out. Then how he'd bleed
Them with his lancet too !—until they swore
“ We'll bleed no more.” Anon, in rage, he show'd
His little bill, for pill and blister, lotion,
Potion. “ They'd no notion 'twas so much ”—
“ Had not the means—would call another day ”—
Begged “ he'd give time who'd been so free to give
Physic.”—“ Attendance *grat.* from eight till ten'
The brass plate on his door proclaim'd ;
But then he'd more brass in his face. “ Dub up
You shuffling, swindling fellows was his cry.”
“ What's to pay rent and taxes ? phials, drugs
“ Arn't to be bought for nothing. Pay, I say.”
They paid who could ; they, who had not wherewith
To pay, were served with warrants of distress,
And could not go to bed—their bed was gone from them.
Oh those were happy days ! the mortar's sound
Was heard pound ! pound ! from morning until night,
As though it hinted “ poundage ”—and the boy
Who worked the pestle “ by degrees grew fine
And beautifully less.” He would have cursed
And sworn if he had dared—he only cried
And when he wiped the mortar—wiped his eyes.
Oh ! those were happy days ! for bullocks, then
Oer-driven beasts, from Smithfield forth would rush,
And, in their mad career, upset the stalls
Of women who sold fruit (then not upset

Themselves by New Police) and toss and butt
Respectable old ladies, little boys,
Beggars of either sex, young girls with dolls,
Or waterman (who lolls against his post
And waits to give their baits to weary hacks)
And lays one half or all upon their backs.
Straightway, on shutter borne, they found
Themselves, if life remain'd, examin'd,
Probed, plaster'd, bandaged after "who's to pay?"
A satisfact'ry answer had obtain'd.
Said one "I'm stump'd" the shutter was shut out,
And the poor mangled and half-strangled wretch,
Gored by the bull, depended on John Bull
To take him to the hospital; where he
Had nought to pay—till he was fairly dead;
And then—"they ground his bones to make them bread."
At least the millers did to whom his bones
Were sold.

Oh! those were happy days! for then
There were no Unions, where for twice two-pence
Per head, per ann. some very green young man
Offer'd to tend the poor—including all
Cases obstretical. Then 'twas allow'd
Each medical practitioner to make
The most he could; to order wine or beer,
To cheer the cockles of their poor old hearts.
But now—how cruel! nought's giv'n but gruel—
Skillagolee most classically named.
Winter—"the winter of their discontent"
Brings in no treat as was its wont of yore,
No Christmas pudding!—no!—no nothing now!
Oh! those were happy days! but they are gone

Like—any thing ! what wonder then the pen,
 Useless for bills for pills or draughts or em-
 Brocations, should be turn'd to some account !
 Oh ! 'twas a glorious thought ! though physic fail'd
 Po'try was rife ! the knife—that once cut flesh—
 Cuts pens, and stain'd with ink instead of blood
 Enables the practitioner to practise
 Po'try instead of Physic—glorious thought !
 Aid him Hippocrates—'Sculapius lend *your* aid !
 How like a dream the past is gone and fled !
 And all who stood in wonderment to gaze
 On a lost medical, now stare to see
 Laurels where laurel-water had been seen ;
 Gilt Galen's head to Phœbus's gives place
 Submissive ! perish pills ! The poet lives ! !

 EDITORIAL REMARKS.

WE—assuming the usuals—the plurals—WE do not think that the M. P. (which are not the initials of “ Maudlin Poet”), though bold and vigorous enough, has shown himself sufficiently scrupulous and careful, either in his matter or manner in giving his views of the style of Mr. S. R. ; a little more correctness, delicacy, and attention might have rendered his version more characteristic. His flights of imagination are too lofty—it is evident that he fancied he was writing with an eagle's feather when he was merely scribbling with that of a goose ; to say that in blank verse rhyme is inadmissible, would only make him look “ more blanker” than his verse—which would be very blank indeed : *ne sut. ult. crepid.*

No. 2.

THE DISCOVERY OF CAPE MADEIRA.

Metr. ut in præced. Heroic. A-cat-ha'-lick't-it.

STYL. W. L. B.—ED.

Nunc vin. pellit. cur.—*Horace.*

He left

The bottle's side, and fled from that he loved
Down the wide street ; for he had heard of wines
Cheaper by half than those he drank—old Port
And juice of Xeres, claret, genuine wine.
A loving friend had whisper'd him that goose-
Gogs—as boys call them, currants, grapes, and plums,
When crush'd, fermented, fined, and bung'd tight down
Yielded a cheap and very wholesome drink ;
Intoxicating, too, and all for eighteen-pence
Per quart : he smote his breast—with ardour cried,
“ Be mine ! be only mine ! ” This said, the sign
He sought which pointed out the shop
Where he could get a drop—merely to taste.
“ I'll try before I buy,” he wisely said,
And shook his head as knowingly as if
Ought was inside it. Then into the shop
He rush'd—just as some poor wretch hard up for
A dram of rum or jackey rushes in, to pop

His coat or waistcoat, bree—but I beg pardon—
 Stockings I would have said—the coin to gain
 From his kind uncle, who supplies the means
 Of slaking thirst to all who have to pledge.
 Wretch though he be!—he wills not all the world
 Shall see his wretchedness—he *rushes* in,
 First looking round to see no eye keeps watch
 Upon his movements—quick! 'tis done—he's got
 The tin!

So rush'd our Hero in to taste
 Gooseb'ry Champagne, tart currant—wine, not pie,
 I mean—and juice of Muscadels call'd raisin.
 The vender, looking bland, in serious tones
 Assures the taster that "it is as good
 "As the real thing and not inferior to
 "That sold by any house—e'en CHARLES the FIRST
 "Vender of cheap and nasty, not except."
 He sips and smacks his lips, and says "that's WRIGHT!"
 He drinks—the subtle spirit through his veins
 Drives the warm tide of blood—He drinks
 Again. His madden'd brain can scarce restrain
 The stimulating effects—it mounts—it mounts!
 Like Mr. Green's balloon—and very soon
 He finds himself another—yet himself.
 Boldly he cries—"A dozen of that 'ere
 To number 26 in Air-street, Piccadil-
 Ly," but the vender says "I never trust."
 Says he "You must." "We always has the ready,"
 Sternly said the man of wine: our hero
 Would have abused him but that it were gross
 'A grocer to abuse.

He left the shop.

He sought his own loved home, and there, a chair
He took and, pensive, did congratulate
Himself, that he had drunk and drunk for nought.
“ A stupid hass,” he said, “ what a slow coach !
The stumpey not to take for all these tastings !
I’ve done him brown and I feel cozy—quite !”

Now the night thickening with a London fog
Comes down : he foggy feels. He winks—he sleeps.
He dreams of port and sherry had on tick,
Of sparkling champagne “ only three-and-six
Per bottle—*botts* included.” Then he smiles
To think he did the grocer. “ Three-and-six !
“ Clear gain,” he mutters—then he snores aloud,
Like as when pigs, their diaphragms dilate
With meal and wash, lie down and grunt
“ We’re full”—so grunted he

The midnight hour

Sounds on thy clock St. James. Ahah ! what means
That drawing up then thrusting down the legs
First right then left ? the tossing of the arm
Upon the counterpane—is’t pain ? The eyes
Open—then shut The body is drawn up
All of a heap. He wakes—he cries out—“ Oh !
“ Rot that champagne I never had such pain
“ In all my life. I wish my wife—were here !
“ Oh dear ! where can she be ? gone out to tea
“ With Mrs. B—, and little thinks of me.
“ Suffering from Asiatic C—” but ere
He finished *’h lera*—his better half,
Of twankay and of hyson redolent,

His coat or waistcoat, bree—but I beg pardon—
 Stockings I would have said—the coin to gain
 From his kind uncle, who supplies the means
 Of slaking thirst to all who have to pledge.
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“ Oh dear ! where can she be ? gone out to tea
“ With Mrs. B—, and little thinks of me.
“ Suffering from Asiatic C—” but ere
He finished *hølera*—his better half,
Of twankay and of hyson redolent,

Came in. Our hero gave a groan ; “ What now ? ”
“ What means this row ? ” She cried. He cried “ Oh—oh !
“ Cuss the champagne !—even vein, drain’d of its blood,
“ Is dry.” “ It’s all my eye ! you brute !
“ Champagne indeed ! No wonder you are ill—
“ Who paid the bill ? for you, as you confess’d,
“ Are regularly stump’d. The milk score is unpaid
“ While you score up a bill for wine—and I—”
“ Oh—oh ! I die—that pain again ! ” he groaned.
Then like an eel skinn’d by some skinny hand,
Twisted and writhed—made faces horrible
To gaze on—his marital looks alarm’d
His conjux fond. She shook him in his bed
And said, “ What ails the fool ? ” He shook his head
And whisper’d “ Cholera—and no mistake.”
“ Good gracious ! oh ! it’s catching ain’t it ? ” She
Ask’d as she gazed—“ Decidedly,” said he.
She falls—she faints ! Death is on her cheek,
And her chill hand the pressure scarce returns
Of him who, agonized himself, hangs o’er
The bedside trembling. “ Cuss that ’ere champagne,
It’s kill’d us both ! ” Says she—“ You brute ! it aren’t—
I’m worth two dead one’s yet.” “ Then run with speed
And fetch a doctor ere your husband dies,
And leaves you husbandless ! ” “ It mough be worse,”
She—thought—and calmly on her shawl she put—
Her pattens took in hand—settled her hair
And slowly walk’d down stairs—to prove the truth
Of that wise saw which says “ most haste worst speed.”
She left him ! he gave up himself as lost !
His feet, his hands grew cold. “ ’Tis pure spasmodic !

" No brandy—rum or gin is there within
 " The house ! my spouse has left me here to die
 " And I cannot go tick for a~~ny~~—oh !
 " The bucket I shall kick—I'm turning pale."
 " You're looking rather blue," his wife return'd
 And said, " but here's the doctor." He look'd black,
 Not at his patient, but the shabby room
 Which evidently said—" No fees,
 For you." He shook his head and then he shook
 A phial. *Opii quant. suff. cret. mist.*
Ij.3 alk. vol. confect. arom. a.a.
Quaq. hor. sumend. our hero took a dose
 Then dozed, and dosed again. The wondrous draught
 Check'd the cathartical effects. His warmth
 Return'd. He ask'd for brandy hot and sweet.
 " Go—get a go," he cried. Says she " I will."
 She did. The go was got, and halved between
 Them both. *Beati vir et fœmina!*
 Ere three days' course Phœbus his car had driven
 The doctor call'd again—" Tell me," said he,
 " What caused the *dolor in ventriculo* ?"
 The wife replied " he always was a loose
Charácter, sir : 'twas gooseberry as did it."
 " Falsely call'd champagne." " Don't do't again,"
 The doctor said ; " a recipe for wine
 I'll write, both cheap and good." He scrawl'd it thus—
 " Raisin and British brandy-a.a. *Capé !*"
 The man grew well. The recipe they tried.
 " It's very like Madeira," said his wife.
 " The doctor calls it *Cape*," the man replied.
 And from that hour the hideous nauseous stuff
 By all the poor is " *Cape Madeira* called."

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

The M.P. appears to us to think that the styles of S. R. and W. L. B. closely resemble each other. There may be a distinction between them, but certainly very little difference if his imitation be correct. There seems to be more vigour and force in this latter production—more spirit, in fact, thrown into it—perhaps the nature of the subject demanded it. In describing the metre he uses the term a-cat-ha'-lick't-it—it is we presume a metropolitan method of spelling *acatalectic*—a verse complete, not ending defective—which would hardly be the case if it had been subjected to the action of a rough feline *lingua*.

P. P.

No. 3.

TO BETTY.

*Met. Iambic. dim. acat. terti. et sext. Iamb. monomaniac.
hyper-cat.*

STYL. W. W.—ED.

Quid sit ancill. tib. amor pudor. ?—*Horace.*

1.

I met a little waiting-maid,
And when I spoke to her she stay'd ;
 I'm not ashamed to tell
That she was fair and rather young :
Her apron-string around her strung
 Became her bodice well.

2.

And she hath ringlets all her own,
Ringlets without Macassar grown,
 They fall beside her face ;
Save when the wind in frolic glee,
Wafts them about, just like a tree,
 Why then—they're out of place.

3.

She loves her kitchen and its fire,
But comforts such as these will tire,
 Then out from home she trips ;
And when she drains a drop of true
Schnaps, might I kiss the mountain dew
 That sparkles on her lips.

4.

There take my cash—it is not much,
But I would give it all to touch
 That pretty lily hand.
It is not hers to give ; I hear
She's to be married this year
 To Bob who sweeps the Strand.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

No one who read the M. P.'s speech—and who did not? to which he alludes in his prefacial letter, can fail to be struck with the close resemblance which this ode bears to one which he read in the house. He tells us that it was received with laughter and derisive shouts. We should not be surprised if this coarse imitation of it met with the same ungracious reception—in some quarters. The metre is lively, however, and the subject not above the author's capacities. The allusion to "mountain dew," would imply that the fair Betty came "frae the north." His metrum *monomaniacum* is we opine a mere chirurgical dilatation of *monometrum*.

P. P.

No. 4.

TO A CATERPILLAR.

*Met. ut in præced. quint. et octav. except. hi sunt vers. trochaic.
dim. acat.*

ENCORE. W. W.—ED.

Leggib. innumerabil. serp.—*Plin. Jun.*

1.

I've seen you on that cabbage-leaf,
Stealing its texture like a thief;
And caterpillar! you must not
Have any more than what you've got.
Oh what a lot of legs you wear!
There—you may go this time—but then
I really do not think it fair
That you my colewart leaves should tear;
Don't come on them again.

2.

This garden-ground is all my own,
With herbs and vegetables sown;
Here you may rest your little legs,
When tired of standing on your pegs;

You need not be afraid of me ;
Walk or sit still—poor dear !
But let it be upon a tree,
And leave my cabbages to me,
They're good this time o' year.

EDITORIAL REMARKS

We do not think there is any thing very objectionable in this imitation of the same poet, except the Latin notes with which the M.P. has headed it. *Leggibus* may be good medical Latin for *legs*—or it may be a *clerical* error. We don't mean a parson's mistake, but a mere *lapsus pennæ*. Of one thing we are very certain if Pliny the younger, to whom the M.P. falsely attributes it, had written it so, he would have been expelled the University of Oxford, supposing him to have been a member thereof; whether they allow such liberties to be taken with the Latin tongue at Cambridge, we cannot undertake to say; but we rather think not.

P. P.

No. 5.

WE ARE TWO.

ARCADES AMBO.—*Virg.*

(SENSU HAUD BYRONICO.—ED.)

Met. prim. vers. antispasmodic. secund. Glysteric.

STYL. EJUSDEM.—ED.

Arcu. Nerv. du.—Phad. Fab.

1.

When in the house we take our seats .
 And make a great to do
 The opposition cry out "Spoke!"
 What matter? WE ARE TWO.

When rings the loud division bell
 How anxiously they view
 If in the house we stay—or seek
 The lobby—WE ARE TWO.

3.

The minister, whoe'er he be,
 Adheres to us like glue,
 He proffers smiles and bows; and smirks
 On us—for WE ARE TWO.

4.

Colleague and I in Parliament
Together always drew,
It gives us weight with either side
They know that WE ARE TWO.

5.

In our snug borough no third man
His face has dared to shew
The gentry T——, the riff-raffs I
Command—for WE ARE TWO.

6.

My colleague "comes it rather grand"
And will shake hands with few,
And yet with me he's hand in glove;
He knows that WE ARE TWO.

7.

If knighthood they should offer him,
Or e'en the garter blue,
He would decline, unless 'twere mine
As well—for WE ARE TWO.

8.

Colleague and I—I trust—will live
For evermore in u-
Nity and prove to all the world
We know that WE ARE TWO.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

The M.P. must surely be wrong in describing this peculiar metre of Mr. W. W. I have heard of *Antispastic* and *Glyconic* metres, but never before of *Antispasmodic* and *Glysteric* verses ; they *must* be something medical.

P. P.

No. 6.

STANZAS.

Metrum. inominat. et queer. (Angl.—“ Hop and go one.”)

STYL. W. S. L.

De me ips. loquar.—*Marc. Tull. Cicer.*

In the New Monthly Magazine,
In Bentley's New Miscellanie,
In Fraser, Blackwood—I've not seen
Regret for me

The Metropolitan, the lit-
Erery, Athenæum, E-
Dinburg, the Penny Mag. of wit
Don't mention me.

And am I then a thing of nought,
Toss'd like a weed upon the sea?
Though I despised *them* yet they ought
T'admire *me*.

I've written much—I've written well,
Been noticed in the Quarterlie;
Why they neglect me I can't tell;
It bothers me.

They called me puppy, fool and ass,
They did so when at Trinitie ;
I did at Rugby all surpass—
It's all N. V.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

The M. P. must mean *innominatum*, and not *inominatum*, when he speaks of the metre of W. S. L. That he has doubts on the subject, is we think implied in the following word — *queer* — which of course is his abbreviation of *quære*? Though W. S. L. treated the literary world with contempt,—imagined himself an ill-used man, and adopted a quaint method of spelling his words ; still he knew the measure of his verse better than the measure of himself. To call his metre ill-omened would, whether he were on *Land-or Wa(l)ter*, make him quite *Savage*.—P. P.

No. 7.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Met. null. vers. sine ration. et rhym. (Angl.—“Neither rhyme nor reason.”)

STYL. INUSITAT. R. S.—EE

Æstuat. in præcordio liquor.—Tacit.

1.

The day has dawn'd no cares infest
 The sons of Ireland ;
 They've laid aside the pick and spade and prong
 The mortar-hod and brick.

2.

To the gin-palace if you go
 A cheering sight you'll see,
 For “quarterns and one outs” they loudly call
 Women and children too.

3.

The bar-maid o'er the counter leans
 With a short arm and a long
 The pewter measure in hand she holds
 Until the money's down.

4.

They have "the drhink" within them now
Oh! Patrick thou art good!
They talk, they laugh, they dance, they make a row—
Kick up a philliloo.

5.

One peeps without to see that no
Policeman is at hand;
A needless care, for he is paid too well
Their glee to interrupt.

6.

The day goes on they deeper drink
And bless their patron saint
Ould Ireland loudly praise and sing her airs
In unanimity;

7.

Till all at once a Connaught man
A Leinster man provokes;
A Munster hero eggs them on to fight
With fist and shillaylah.

8.

Phelim and Murphy set to work
And crack each other's crowns
Pat. Corney, Thady, soon join in the fun,
Women and children shriek.

9.

Spirits ! what mischief do ye do
When kindred souls ye set
Together by the ears ! Sons, fathers, brothers
Are beaten black and blue.

10

The landlord comes "promiscuously"
And turns them out of doors
Why should he shelter give to those who now
Will neither drink nor pay ?

11.

The watchful guardian of the night
Now walks them off to quod
In their own filth and gory tatter'd rags
They snore the livelong night.

12.

And like young giants from their sleep
They wake up in the morn,
Forget the battle-fray—shake hands and take
A reconciling dhrop.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

It may well have puzzled the M. P. to find a *rhyme* in this very quaint species of verse, peculiar we believe to R. S. ; but why deny it *reason* ? If there be no reason in it—all we can say in this, as in many other cases, is, *stat pro ratione voluntas*, which the M. P. may translate “where there is a *will* there’s a way” of writing how you please.

P. P.

No. 8.

HYDROPATHY ;

OR,

THE COLD WATER CURE.

Met. per-commun. quotid. in plate. audit.

STYLO T. H. RISU-FACTORIS PERENNIS.—ED.

ὕδωρ μὲν ἀριστον.—PIND.

1.

Ye chemists and druggists look out,
 Look out, too, ye apothecaries,
 Your drugs will be soon a mere drug
 If they keep on these German Vagaries.
 Gamboge, senna, Cheltenham salts,
 Will no longer be inquired *arter*,
 For rheumatics, consumption, and gout,
 Ay—e'en dropsy are now cured by Water.

2.

Ye surgeons, physicians, look out,
 Who daily prescribe in bad Latin,
 Water-doctors you'd better become,
 Or there'll be the fire the fat in.

Your grim-looking chariots still keep
To carry a wife or a daughter,
Buy a skiff or a punt for yourselves,
And immediately take to the Water.

3.

Ye hospital masters resign,
And reside in the country like Druids,
Throw away your saws, forceps, and knives,
And examine the nature of fluids.
Your hospitals soon will be turn'd,
By the aid of some great Excavator,
Into buildings like that in the Strand
—Mrs. Yates's new Water Theatre.

4.

Sadler's Wells!—clear your pipes and begin
Your frolic aquatics again,
Ope a main from the New River Head
And you're sure to be right in the main.
Your actors and actresses too,
Will ne'er again be out of sort—or
Sick or ill; if you only do this—
Duck them all once a night in the water.

5.

Ye wine-merchants, sellers of gin,
Rum, cognac, shrub, milk-punch, and toddy,
Get a drawback on all you won't draw
You're ruin'd else all the whole body.

Of spirituous compounds and cordials,
 Your customers won't drink a quart or
 A pint, a kevarten or half
 They may call—but it will be for water.

6.

Ye Germans, who'll now drink your wines?
 Your Liebfrauenmilch, Hock, or Hockheimer,
 Asmanshausen, Steinberger, Pisporter,
 Markobrunner, or bright Rudesheimer.
 Proud Heidelberg *start* your great tun,
 Use the wine to make lime into mortar,
 Sing "Am Rhein, am Rhein" all night long,
 But be sure fill the tun with Rhine water.

7.

Our well-wooded landed estates
 In future are not worth a dump,
 If, Fortune! you fortune give me,
 Give me Aldgate or Lincoln's Inn pump.
 Speculators! on mountain, wood, vale,
 Mead, arable, don't waste a thought, or
 A pound; if you must speculate,
 Buy a lake—buy the great Derwentwater.

8.

Ye Hypochondriacs go down
 To Malvern—it's not far from Wor'ster,
 Stand up to your neck in a pond
 The moment you there out of door stir.

While you stand you must swill all the time
By the quart for they give you no quarter,
To get cured you must be like a sponge,
Saturated entirely with water.

When you're "full to the bung" you crawl out,
And the grate for a fire you'd thank it ;
Like a book you come out in damp sheets
Have a damp feather-bed and damp blanket.
You've only this one consolation,
Though to water they limit your *bub*,
You may eat what you will, for they give an
Unlimited order for *grub*.

10.

This process will soon make you thin,
Though as Daniel Lambert as stout,
Hydropathics will alter you so,
That your mother won't know you when out.
Rejoice then, ye nymphs of the fountain,
Ye sea-nymphs burst out into la'ghter,
Amphitrite and Neptune be proud
PRIESSNITZ has immortalized Water.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

It is certainly a queer sign of the times when all the world not only takes *frigidum sine*—cold *without*, but cold *within* also. The M. P. certainly excels as a water-poet, and we wish him luck—*pot* luck or *pint* luck—whichever he pleases, as his model, the great comic Perennial himself would say.—P. P.

No. 9.

SONG OF THE CHARTISTS.

Met. Pindaric. victori. idone.

STYLO T. C.—ED.

Malo. incitat. Thersites.—Corn. Nep.

1.

Rise again for the battle ye Chartists,
 And prove yourselves regular artists,
 Old England, the garden of liberty's tree
 Has been, and shall be ; so listen to me.
 The Tories again are in power,
 Red Fergus is doomed to the Tower ;
 The special commissions have routed our forces,
 The soldiers attack'd them with sabres and horses ;
 They were trapp'd, they were caught, and ere many a
 day,
 They'll all be transported to Botany Bay.

2.

Ah ! what though the Whigs have proved traitors ?
 They always were excellent haters
 Of radicals.—We do not want their assistance,
 We'll depend on ourselves for a "moral resistance"

To tyranny, royalty, one and the same
Thing. We'll set the whole land in a flame.
By the turn-outs they've taken to prison !
Peel's power shall not long be his'n !
We'll floor him by Annual Parliaments,
In spite of his shocking bad arguments.

3.

Vote by bad-lot we'll have if we die for't,
Suffer-age universal we'll try for 't ;
And as to a qualification for members,
Let it die as the Guy Fauxes do in Novembers ;
The Poor-laws is one rock they've split on,
Which by Tories, Whigs, Rads, should be spit on ;
And though pr'haps not suited to these sort of rhymes,
The paper which Cobbett called "bloody Old Times,"
Of his mayoralty Alderman Harmer has cheated,
And this very year Thomas Wood has defeated.

4.

Then up Chartists ! up ! and confound 'em,
We'll try if we cannot ten-pound 'em ;
Corruption and bribery Roebuck has tried
To defeat—he was wrong, it was used on each side.
Before we grow very much older,
Let's prove ourselves very much bolder ;
We'll fight our own battles—the great agitator
Since lord' mayor he's been, isn't worth a potato,
Old Ireland from England he'll never dissever,
So long live Victoria ! and Albert for ever !

L'ENVOY.

At the Halter of freedom *nunc nunc sacrificite*,
Three cheers for the CHARTER—*omnes hiphuraizite*.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

With the spirit, the diction, the sentiment, the versification of this lively and heart-stirring address who can quarrel? The great original in his address to the Greeks is tame in comparison; tame—ay, tame as a young tortoise. If this ode should urge the Chartists to a fight, the M. P., no doubt, will administer stimulants to his troops and preside over the *mortar* practice. We hope no one will accuse him of being a *pestle*-ent fellow. We are no conchologists or we would send him a collection of shells.

P. P.

No. 10.

THE LAY OF THE JURYMEN.

A CORONER-ATION ANTHEM.

Metr. Æsculapi. anapest. dim. cat-ha'-lick't-it.

STYLO L. H.—ED.

Corpor. et corpuscul. inspicim.—*Celsus.*

1.

Ho! we are the jury, we,
 Come to sit on the body!
 Only let us have one shilling,
 And to sit again we're willing.
 It will do to purchase prog,
 And wash it down with glass of grog;
 Care we how the body died?
 Not a dump. When it we've ey'd,
 Around the room on chairs we sit,
 Or benches if we chairs can't *git*;
 Down behind us pots of porter,
 Up before us a reporter.

2. .

When the witnesses come in,
We place one hand beneath our chin,
Rest one elbow on our knee,
And look as busy—as a bee.
The constable who's call'd the door-man
Tells us to elect our foreman ;
For this, 'tis not our general rule
To elect the *biggest* fool.
But some old wigsby, if we may,
For 'wisdom's in the wig' they say ;
Our foreman takes the oath, and we
Take just the selfsame oath as he.

3.

While we act thus prelimináry,
Crownér instructs his secretáry ;
Looks solemn, sapient ; nibs a pen,
And bids the witnesses "come ben,"
As Scotchmen say ; then opes his blue bag,
And wags his head as very few wag
Theirs ; and with a learned look
Extracts a sheepskin-cover'd book ;
"Humphrey on Inquests" is its name,
But if it's not—it's all the same.
He careful looks adown its border,
Turns down a place, and calls out—order !

4.

"1st witness—Jinks!" the door-man cries;
 Cries Jinks "I'm here." "Then —— your eyes
 "Go forward—up to that 'ere table."
 "I 'ool," says Jinks, "when I am able."
 "Silence, there, silence! in the court,"
 He adds, majestic, in retort;
 And when he finds there is a pause,
 Looks to the Crowner for applause;
 His zeal approved, he shoves up Jinks,
 And, turning to the jury, winks,
 As if he said—"Just let Jinks frown, or
 Smile—he's committed by the Crowner."

5.

"Clerk! swear him—ain't your name James Jinks?"
 "Yes, sir, it is, I rayther thinks,"
 Says James. "Well, tell me what profession?"
 "Can't say I understand the question."
 "What trade?" "A mudlark." "You're a mudlark?"
 oh!
 "Now tell us of this matter all you know."

JAMES *loquitur*.

"As I was trapesing through the *thick*
 "To pick up coal or stone or brick,
 "To buy me bub or grub or dud,
 "I finds the *stiff-un* in the mud.

" His eyes were starting from their sockets,
 " But he'd got nothing in his pockets ;
 " His watch was gone if e'er he had one,
 " His hat it was a shocking bad one.
 " I fear to raise your honour's wrath, or
 " I should say he was a *Hauthor*.
 " He was so wery wan and thin,
 " His duds so shabby, and within
 " His vescu^t-lining, sew'd in tight,
 " I finds this here—if I'm told right
 " It's summut about *copyright*.
 " I thinks as how it is but fair
 " That every hauthor and his heir
 " Should have his hown."

" Silence, you minion,
 " You were not ask'd for your opinion.
 " Let Jinks stand down, and if of right
 " He talks again I'll him indict ;
 " Make out his mittimus, and then
 " He'll know the lawful use of pen
 " And ink. I doubt not but the elf
 " Writes poetry or prose himself,
 " Gets overpaid for his invention,
 " And wants of *copyright extension*."

6.

Now while the Crowner states his views
 How authors do their rights abuse,
 We take a glass of summut short ; or
 The little pot that holds our porter.

Another witness then is call'd,
 Who says to shore the man he haul'd ;
 Corroborates what James Jinks said,
 And adds, he laid him on a bed,
 Sent for a surgeon, who was led
 To say at once " the poor man's dead." }

7.

" Call in the surgeon," CROWNER cries,
 " He is not here," James Jinks replies.
 " D'ye mean to say to come he couldn't ?"
 " I don't," said Jem—" he said he wouldn't."
 " Constable—sirrah ! did you summon
 " This surgeon ?"—" Yes ; but he's a rum un.
 " What does your honour think he said ?
 " He would not come if he warn't paid—
 " That you'd be first to call him ninny,
 " If he came here without his guinea.
 " He added, he should not attend—
 " If you should want him, you might send."

8.

" Insult my office, does he ? oh !
 " Go let the plaster-spreader know—
 " This instant if he does not come,
 " That the Queen's Bench shall be his home.
 " Himself he has committed. I
 " Will him commit too by and by.

" To think that he should dare withstand
 " The oldest officer in the land.
 " An older, gents—you could not fish up,
 " Not saving Chancellor or Bishop."

9.

The surgeon enters tortoise-fashion,
 Which adds fresh fuel to the passion
 Of the offended dignitary,
 Who opes the business with this query—

(Metr. mutat. hoc in communi-hort. usum.)

STYLO S. K.—ED.

THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR.

CORONER.

Do you see my jurymen?

SURGEON.

There are twelve of them.

CORONER.

What if I bid them trounce thee?

SURGEON.

They'd blush to do it.

CORONER.

I see that you are one who love t'affront
Men high in office—like myself—
You're saucy—had you only to myself
Whisper'd your discontents—it had been well ;
But thus t'insult me openly before
My jurymen—this constable—reporter !
'Tis *too* bad !—Apologize—then tell us of the dead.

SURGEON.

(After humbly apologizing, by putting his thumb to
the organ of smell, and twiddling his extended fin-
gers.)

I knew the poor wretch well. He was a man
On whom in early days kind fortune smiled
Propitious. Foster'd by a mother's care,
The germs of genius within him budded
Burst forth in bloom, show'd fruit, which promise gave
Of coming to perfection ere she died
Who nurtured it. 'Twas otherwise ordain'd—
Ere yet 'twas set the frost of sorrow came
And check'd its growth. With her who bore him
He lost his all. An orphan—poor—too young
To dare the world—he would have been cut off
And wither'd like the parent tree, had not
A neighb'ring clergyman, who heard his tale,
Removed him to a kindlier soil—his home.
At school he placed him, then at college, where
He soon excell'd. His genius bounded

Over all difficulties in its path.
Honours he gain'd and prizes ; till no more
Remain'd to win. The cup of college fame
Exhausted, deeper bowls he wish'd to quaff,—
He sought distinction at the bar—his friend,
His second father, died, and left a scant,
A wretched pittance. What was he to do?
He tried his pen—committed thoughts, that burnt
Within his soul, to print, and publish'd them.
Some smiled, some sneer'd, some frown'd, yet all agreed
That he was clever! as an essayist
Honour he gain'd. Would honour feed him? No.
He turn'd to politics and wrote for hire;
Neglected other studies, and the bar
Deserted. For a time all went on well,
Until the daily draught, demanded of
His brain, exhausted him—the font of thought
Dried up—the body sympathized—his nerves
Unstrung, now lax amidst his fibres lay.
His post was lost; he tried another path
To fame and competency—the drama.
He fail'd—"his plays *read* well, but would not *act*."
So said the manager. To magazines
He next contributed—then wrote reviews,
Next verses. Well, in evil hour he sought
Companionship with those who, to drown care,
Or give false lustre to their wit—drank deep.
Th' effect once felt—the glorious thrill that rush'd
Through nerve and brain experienced—the relief
From thought—the buoyancy of mind, long, long
Unknown—gave sweetness to the draught. The cup,

Once tasted, must be drain'd again ; at first
 Mere stimulant he sought—yet, day by day,
 What had been stimulant, support became
 To mind and body: stronger grew the draughts
 As lessen'd their effects—at length the brain,
 O ercharged with blood, and clogg'd withal—the hand
 Forsook. The pen falter'd, the publishers
 Declined his articles. Then illness came,
 Apothecaries' bills ran high—he tried
 To write to pay them. He grew daily worse,
 His furniture—his wardrobe disappear'd—
 To purchase that he could not do without
 Raw spirits—for the gen'rous juice of wine
 No longer stimulated. Now he wrote
 Short paragraphs for daily journals—these
 Brought in enough to purchase all he wish'd.
 He lived “from hand to mouth,”—but then, alas '
Delirium tremens came with all its ills—
 Need I say more?— You, gentlemen! and you,
 Sir Coroner—are *sitting on his body* now. ●

10.

Met. mutat. rurs. ut ant

The surgeon thus retired, and then
 The Crowner seem'd “himself again.”
 I must say he look'd rayther blue,
 When thus he told us what to do:
 “Gemmen of Jury! that 'ere chap
 “I'm very sure is up to trap.
 “I rather think his name is Talker,
 “And very glad he's sign'd it ‘WALKER.’

" As to the body James Jinks found
 " Your verdict give, and say " found drown'd."
 Thus, by what means the author died,
 Th' authorities are satisfied.

(The constable or doorman shoves us all out. The coroner vents his spleen on his clerk, and then goes off to the house to vote against the extension of copyright. "*Oh ! si sic omnes !*")

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

A surgical error is again visible in the description of this metre. It is called *Æsculapian*—by mistake doubtless for *Asclepiadean*—but a worse shot might have been made. In the treatment of this sad subject we cannot help saying, that the M. P. had made the jurymen display a degree of levity, such as we trust he seldom witnesses in real life. The surgeon's evidence, we consider, is given in a way rather superior to the usual style of the M. P. We gladly recognise in it a "vein poetic," and a considerable portion of good feeling. We do trust that when the M. P. feels inclined to phlebotomize himself in verse again, he will open the same vein and lose as much of such good blood as his coronerial person can conveniently spare. We only wonder how—after writing so pathetically—he could go down to the house and vote against the welfare of every author in the country—as he tells us he did.

P. P.

No. 11.

THE LONG TAILS OF ASHDOWNE PARK.

Metr. dogmatic. Quadrupedal.

STYLO SCRIPTORUM IN TINTINNABULI VITA.—ED.

Tune.—"Bow-wow-wow."

1.

At Ashdowne Park we meet to run
 For *Claret*, *Cup*, and *Craven* stakes,
 In the "long run" the man *wot's* won
 of *course* 'tis said his fortune makes ;
 But members old, with cups of gold,
 Who come by coach, or gig, or rail,
 Refute the lie and say they'll try
 To be content with a "long *tale*."

2.

In meeting here in *forty-two*
 We've **AMAZONS** and **BRAHMINS**,
 And **MAGDALENS**, **MOLES**, **BOSCOBELS**,
BRUNELS and other *Varmins*.

With MERRYMEN and ETON-Boys,
 WESTWINDS and ASPS and GRACCHUSES,
 EMPERORS, LUCYS, AMARANTHS,
 Not sung of by your Flaccuses.

3.

A LONGSTOCK does MINERVA dare,
 GENTILITY meets MISCHIEF ;
 WESTWARD BAROKO challenges
 And wins the cup to *his* grief.
 With ECSTASY one AMURATH
 His speed to try don't hesitate,
 And GRUEL physics AMABELLE,
 While BAMFYLDE makes a rush too late.

4.

A MUSSULMAN, who wine derides,
 With MAGNA tries to flick a hare,
 EXCUSE-ME waits on EMPRESS, who
 Is train'd—so will not *turn a hair*.
 BRAVURA with Italian airs
 WILL-WATCH endeavours to surpass,
 While BULLION, being sterling coin,
 Tries hard to conquer GRATEFUL-LASS.

5.

SIR LAUNCELOT meets EGLANTINE
 In bower just suited to such flower,
 But *ungallant* his spirit can't
 Consent the prize shall be her dower

MOREL is slipp'd with AIDE-DE-CAMP,
 EQUERRY "takes his ALCOHOL,"
 BASSORA GRANNY's chance puts out
 And so with her 'tis "*nix my doll.*"

6.

AJAX coquets with ANTOINETTE
La Reine de France, "and no mistake,"
 LEFRU is match'd with MISCHIEF too
 and beats him just "for mischief's sake."
 Of MARGARET and MUSQUITO
 I could say much but "time is up,"
 In *claret* I'll no *craven* be,
 But drink the winners in "*the cup.*"

Repetat. Chor. de Bow-wow-wow ad fin. cujusq.
 Vers. ab omn. membr. Bacul. Ashdownei.

M. P.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

Upon inquiring of the members of "the Ashdowne Coursing Club" who are recommended by the M. P. to *bark* at the end of each verse of this song, we find that the odd names therein recorded belong to certain celebrated greyhounds which ran for the *Claret*, *Craven*, and other *stakes*, including *beef-steaks*, and for the *cup* in February last. We learn from one M. A. C. that the song was sung at the meeting after dinner in the club room by a stranger. Whether this stranger was the M. P. himself we cannot say. The report is *current*

that it was ; so we had better let the report "run its course" as the dogs did. Its truth or falsity will not fail to be discovered in "course of time," which will probably afford it "a long run." If it should happen to "*kill time*" it will save the members of many other clubs besides the Ashdowne a wonderful deal of trouble. The name assigned to the metre though not strictly Horatian is *ben trovato*, as the Italians say, for every greyhound puppy must have a *dog ma*. The *cup* we trust was not filled and emptied so often as to cause *hic-cup* among the company.

P P

No. 12.

EPIGRAMS.

*Met. ignot. percommum.*STYL. CONTRIBUTORIS CUJUSLIBET NOVORUM-
PAPYRI.—ED.

1.

A BEERY *bon-mot*.

Mr. B—l—y the brewer to every one tells
That he's better than Punch because he *X sells*.

2.

A CONNUBIAL CONUNDRUM.

Met. ut in precedent.

Fanny ask'd her mamma as they came from the ball
Why of lovers young ladies preferr'd the most tall?
"My dear," says mamma, "without telling a lie then
" 'Tis because they're decidedly partial to *Hymen*."

3.

THE PUN GEOGRAPHICAL.

Met. id.

When Napoleon ordain'd that these isles be invaded
The French line of coast was by Britain blockaded.
And though each French captain did ardently pant
To sail out of port, John Bull said "*you shan't*."
'Thus the principal port where this happen'd, they say,
Is by mariners known as *U-shant* to this day.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

There is a display of liveliness of imagination in these little *jeux d'esprit* highly commendable, and considering the model from which they are drawn up, we deem them to be admissible. We held them suspended over our midnight taper—a species of candle which every author is supposed to patronize—but after suffering the smell of fire to pass over them, we determined not to pass them over to the fire. It was not from want of merit in the verses, that we hesitated for a while to admit them into this collection, but because we had doubts of their genuineness and authenticity. Even now, to speak candidly as editors, we believe in our “heart of hearts,”—which phrase must mean the furthestmost bin in the innermost cellar of our breast—that the M. P. has indulged us, not with “a flight of fancy” of his own, but with a *fancy* of Flight—*nous verrons*—the liberal interpretation of which is—“Prigging is sure to be found out.”—P. P.

No. 13.

A Legend of Fynesburie.*Metr. Peter-Pindaric. veryrum et mutabil.*

STYL. INIMITABILI T. I. DE T. E.—ED.

1.

Where Moorfields fields were seen of yore,
And ponds, with ducks, at least a score,
Long ere the spot was cover'd o'er
With shops three stories high or more,
Each with this card upon its door,
“Lodgings to let—a whole first floor.”

Where Bethlehem Hospital once stood,
And would have scared its neighbourhood

—Had it one to scare—

Out of its own propriety,

Its inmates were so rioty—

—But all around was bare.

The soothing system all unknown,

Each “did as he liked with his own,”

Doctor, and nurse and keeper, grown

Harden'd by custom—like the stone

Figures o'er the gate ; by Golly,
 (One raving t'other melancholy)
 The veriest wisher to be jolly
 Went away and cursed his folly,
 For leaving Fanny, Jane, or Molly,

To gaze upon the fair.

Near to this spot I say—you'll know how true 'tis,
 If you will search the accounts, *anno salutis*

(So call'd, I fear,

Because that year

The plague did rage,

Nor youth nor age

Did spare)

Fourteen hundred and nineteen—

Youths and maidens might be seen

Gaily dress'd in Lincoln-green,

On holidays and Sunday's e'en

Spite of Bishop—spite of Dean,

(*κυριακής τοὺς ἐν τέλει* I mean ;)

And what did they do there ?

2.

Ere the great *Fryer* Bacon compounded gunpowder

Of nitrate of potass and sulphur and charcoal,

That murderous mixture that thunders much louder

Than Vulcan's grim workshop in Etna's famed dark
hole ;

Ere cannons were dream'd of, save in a cathedral,

And pistols, gulls, blunderbusses were unknown

(Busses blunder so now that timid men need ral-

Ly round pavers who substitute wood-blocks for stone),

Ere copper-caps acted as little umbrellas

Protecting their *charge* from dew, fog, snow, and rain,
Ere passengers' lives were endanger'd by *fellers*

Who shoot at Cock Robins in hedgerow, or lane ;
(In speaking of Robins I don't mean that great cock

Who serves up his sales most artistic'ly drest
In polysyllábics—the man who did late knock
Down Strawberry Hill—no—I mean Robin-Red-
breast ;)

Ere matchlocks—I don't mean the *darbies* of Hymen—
Were giv'n to young Norvals who lords long'd to
follow

To the field—when the weapons in battle to try men
Were those used by *Ἀργυρότοξος* Apollo

The son of Latona, whom *Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης*
(The *Dii Heathenorum* committed great sins)

Fill'd *πῦρσιν Ἐρῶτος* and, to set them at ease,
• Espoused. Homer tells us she bless'd him with twins,

DIANA and PHŒBUS,

(*In omnibus rebus*

Interesting partic'lars I love to explain)

An *alias* each one

For the Moon and the Sun,

For they *starr'd* it aloft while their Father did reign.

But enough

Of such stuff!

Revenons à nous moutons and take up the strain

Where it dropp'd

When I popp'd •

On subjects connubial—Miss M — — —'s bane.

3.

Well—let us back to *Syonesburte*—
 And let us view the throng
 Assembled in its fields to try
 The bow and arrow long
 To “draw the long bow” who’ll deny
 They “came it rather strong”
 These ancients?—yet they did not lie,
 I must not “do them wrong.”

Who has not been to see—in some gentleman’s grounds,
 Where LOUDON has laid out “say two thousand
 pounds”

In compelling dame nature to keep within bounds,
 And forming plantations in squares or in rounds,
 In lev’ling excrescences—throwing up mounds—
 Digging fishponds wherever pure water abounds,
 Making shrubb’ries where nightingale-music resounds
 And the greenfinch and linnet completely confounds,

Where nature and art

By turns take a part

To make nature’s theatre gay as a lark,
 Like Kensington-gardens or St. James’s Park?

Who has not been to see

A “gaie companie”

Assembled in this kind of land faërye,
 Where none are admitted but those of degree,
 Who are call’d by their *worsers* “folks of qualitie,”

Who at least keep a cab with a little flunkie
Perch'd up behind, dress'd in top-boots and knee-
Breeches—a thing you may any day see
If you'll walk, in the season,—but not before three—
Up and down the magnificent street they call Re-
Gent—that's providing you've nought in your *ee*

(As Scotchmen call *eye*

Though I cannot tell why).

Well, these people all meet to play at archerie ;

They shoot in the park

Until it's too dark

At the red, white, or bull's-eye to take a true mark ;

Then the winners of either sex show no aversion

To receive as a recompence for their exertion

A five shilling bauble—don't doubt my assertion

Or dream that I meditate any perversion

Of truth—they receive little bugles—or arrows

Which are not fit for killing cock-robins or sparrows.

Then at dinner they meet

Where a sort of club treat

Is provided—at “three *bob* a head” for the meat

And the fowls and the tongues, and the salads with beet-

Root—and lobsters and crayfish and jellies and sweet-

Meats—such as ladies and gentlemen eat.

Then for drink,

You can't think

How many large glasses of sparkling champagne

Find their way down the aristocratic *red lane*.

Then as if their “proud stomachs” were not cramm'd
at all

They finish the day with an archery ball.

It may be a question
 Whether digestion
 Goes on as it should do—or whether congestion
 Of stomach ensues—I mean *mucco-gastritis*—
 A puzzling disease with a hard name to write 'tis.

4.

But let us back to *ffynestbuar*,
 And let me view the throng
 Assembled in its fields to try
 The bow and arrow long.
 Now I cannot assert that the crowd who met there
 With the *swells* I've alluded to I can compare.
 The gentlemen citizens wanted the air
 Which our moderniz'd dandies invariably wear ;
 And the citizens' ladies, although they were fair,
 And were dress'd
 In their best
 Still they wanted a *je ne sais quoi* for a *flare-*
Up like those fair *belles* who live in May-fair.
 This remark will apply to each *fille* and each *mère*—
 Each gentleman look'd the *mari débonnaire*,
 And from hundreds of optics excited a stare
 Partic'ly the aldermen, sheriffs, and mayor,
 Who "came down with the *stumpy*" to support the chair
 (And to *sup port* is right in a *grand civique père*).
 The style of their dress
 I must leave you to guess,
 For I can't recollect what they call'd inexpress-
 Sibles then—nor those collars you see on Queen Bess,
 Nor those long jockey-boots which the moderns call Hess-
 ians—so *verbum haud amplius*, which means "the less

Said 's soonest mended," with grief I confess
 I've not the old Chronicles here, or I'd quote 'em,
 —So believe *pro magnifico omne ignotum*.

5.

Oh, a glorious sight was that crowded field
 To the curious gazer's wand'ring eye,
 Where the ancient archers did not yield
 To the flowers of modern chivalry—
 Like bold Robin Hood
 Each citizen stood,
 And the cloth-yard shaft drawn back to the ear
 Was sent two hundred yards through the air,—
 Which would make one of *our* Toxophilites stare.
 At each end of the ground
 There was thrown up a mound
 In which, after the shooting, each arrow was found ;
 Against each of these a large target was put
 Which was known by the name of the *ffynesburie butt*;
 And this is the reason I've heard some folks say—
 Why a man who's *shot at* 's called a *butt* to this day—
 —By ridicule's shafts I mean not by an arrow—
 This remark of the *dictum* will point out the marrow—
 Or the *pith* of the jest
 If you like the word best.
 It happen'd one day that a stout burly man,
 Who had paid his respects to John Barleycorn's can
 Till he did not know whether he stood still or ran,
 —For in those days the gentlemen always drank ale
 Though Hodson had not yet invented his *pale*—
 Which is now recommended to all those who ail
 And are not inclined to drink *eau* by the pail—

This stout burly man was so awfully fuddled,
 His brains by "the barly-bree" thoroughly muddled
 That this way then that through the crowd he was
 huddled,—

Shoved here and push'd there,
 Until in despair

He rush'd from the crowd to imbibe the pure air;
 For where there assemble large bodies politic
 There's an unpleasant smell they call vapour mephitic,
 Which affects a fastidious man so much that ill he
 Must have recourse to some strong *salvolatile*,
 Or *eau de Cologne*—or if that is too weak—
 To what Beaufoy calls *vinaigre aromatique*.

Well, this stout, stalwart wight
 Thought that he was "all right"

When out of the concourse he rush'd—but affright
 Or the beer that he'd drank made him *non compos*
mentis

—To the strength of that beer it a great compliment is
 That malt, hops, and alcohol it had no lack o'
 And was not mix'd with *coculus* or with *tobacco*;
 Then brewers obey'd the *cerevisiæ lex*
 And never adult'rated *their XXX*.—

Well, this stout, burly man
 Lost himself as he ran

And exclaim'd "This won't do—I must sit if I can,
 'For really my legs are so drunk I shall fall,
 "If I stand up much longer—a row they will kick up
 "In the crowd if I tumble down—this will do (hiccup)
 "For it's soft and it's green enough—sloping withal."
 So saying he sat himself down on a mound
 Of which I have said there were two on the ground.

"Hilloh—don't sit there!"

This shout reach'd his ear;

But too late came the warning—for as he was seated

With a flight of cloth-yard shafts his body was greeted

"Hulloh—this is pleasant—ain't it?—curse their folly!"

"If they must shoot—they needn't have shot in a volley;

"I'm wounded I'm sure, if they had not drawn short, all

"My wounds could not fail to have proved themselves mortal."

"Hulloh—you sirs there,

"I wish you'd take care

"That a *butt* you would take me for I worn't aware.

"*You* may think it great fun but *I* don't think it fair,

"So I'll just go and make a complaint to the mayor."

As he *task'd* to disclose to his worship his ills

He looked like a porcupine shedding his quills;

For the arrows fell out from coat, doublet, and hose,

And fell at his feet or—'twill rhyme better—toes.

The commiseration

Of that generation

Was roused when saw the stout man's situation,

They screech'd and they groan'd, but a little while after

Their screeches and groans were converted to laughter.

"He's not hurt—he's not hurt—not one single *spiculus*

"Has injured his vitals—how very ridiculous!"

The Lord Mayor

In his chair

Heard the burly man's tale with an official air,

And ask'd of his clerk—it was not Mr. Hobler—

"Does he know this 'ere chap?" "Yes, my lord, he's a

—bad character—ready and willing

' To get drunk if he can."—"Fine the feller a shilling."
 " Your worship, it's true I've exceeded in malt ;
 " But am I to be shot at?" " It's all your own fault ;
 " And the very next time your concerned in liquor
 " And hear people shout, cut your lucky the quicker.
 " You've been wounded and laugh'd at—your stick you
 may cut,
 " You've made of yourself, sir, a *Jynesburie butt*."
 As expostulation was of no avail
 The poor man stagger'd home—followed close by a tail
 Of riff-raff who shouted, " Just twig the old put,
 " We'll nickname him henceforward the *Jynesburie*
 butt."

L'Enboye.

Electors of *Jynesburie* listen to me :
 If you find a poor drunken man out on a spree,
 You've a right to make him a b-u-double-t
 And to have him pull'd up before Lord Mayor Pirie.
 But—take my advice on this one point—*nempè*
 Do *not* make a *Jynesburie butt* of your M. P.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

This daring attempt to imitate the inimitable is only
 to be justified by the moral sought to be conveyed in the
 legend. We had serious thoughts of burning it—es-
 pecially as we had a great deal of trouble in deciphering
 the Greek characters which resembled those hieroglyphics
 that one sees on window bottles containing solutions of
 the sulphates of iron, copper, &c., and which we perceived

to be the private marks of the heathen deities who take those metals under their respective patronages—but the moral of the tale operated anti-phlogistically with us and we preserved it. As to the metre being *very rum et mutabile*, our conjecture is that the M. P. meant *varium*, &c., as applied by Maro—most rudely we think—to the fair sex—but then they were the fair sex of *his* day. From any such unpleasant calumnies, I am sure, our M. P. would ensure the ladies a “safe deliverance.”—P. P.

ΕΠΙΛΟΓΟΣ.

SISTER AUTHORESSES, BROTHER AUTHORS,

You may ask me why I undertook the editorship of these Poems for one who accused us indiscriminately of being mercenary creatures—writers for mere filthy lucre. I will tell you. I inquired of a friend, who knew the M. P., what sort of a man he was in private life “He is,” said he, “a straightforward honest fellow, sincere in all he thinks and says; he has a heart to feel for the poor, and does all he can to soften the rigours of the detestable New Poor Laws.”

Could I hesitate to assist such a man? No. A friend to the poor will always have a claim on the humble services of

PETER PRIGGINS.

